

A'int no Party Like an FU Party by **Luddleston**

Series: [Ferelden University: Part One](#) [5]

Category: Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age: Inquisition

Genre: Anal Fingering, College AU, Fereldens party too hard, Intercrural Sex, M/M, Modern AU, Porn with Feelings, Slightly-Drunk Sex, drunk makeouts, mentioned drug use

Language: English

Characters: Dorian Pavus, Iron Bull, Leliana (Dragon Age), Zevran Arainai

Relationships: Iron Bull/Dorian Pavus

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-02-19

Updated: 2016-02-19

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:33:39

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,268

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Cuz an FU party don't stop 'til one gay 'Vint has made out with multiple people in public.

Or, more accurately: Bull invites Dorian to an off-campus party, Dorian gets drunk and jealous, but it's alright because he goes home with Bull in the end anyway.

Sequel to [Netflix and Thrill](#)

A'int no Party Like an FU Party

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

Why yes, I did go to the party Dorian goes to in this.

No, I did not make out with any Zevrans. Or anyone.

Dorian supposed he should have been excited, after all, he was going to his first-ever party since transferring to Ferelden U.

Instead, though, he had some absurd knot of nervousness twisting in his stomach, all because he'd been invited to this party by a man he'd fucked not over a week ago. And, even though the Iron Bull had insisted that they "not make it weird," he'd given Dorian a *look* during their next class. A look like he remembered exactly every hickey underneath Dorian's (incredibly fashionable) scarf.

By now, though, the marks had faded and instead of the scarf, Dorian wore a dark red t-shirt with a wide v-neck ("show off that body of yours, Dorian, but not too much, leave them something to fantasize about," Maevaris told him), those skinny jeans that made his ass look fantastic, and a pair of boots he didn't particularly care about anyone stepping on and scuffing. He spent entirely too long staring in the mirror, getting the curl of his mustache and the swoop of his hair just right, and before he left, he took out his contacts, because he didn't want to sleep in them, on the off-chance he ended up spending the night somewhere other than his dorm room. Glasses would have to do, and thankfully, his complemented his face wonderfully.

If he were in Tevinter, he would have finished off the look with a few rings stacked on each forefinger and his favorite gold necklace, but this was Ferelden, and as soon as he walked outside, the metal would probably freeze to his skin. Plus, apparently, men wearing jewelry around here was like a walking neon sign that read "I'M A HOMOSEXUAL!" and Dorian didn't like to advertise *quite* so bluntly.

He walked across-campus with his hands shoved in his pockets. It was starting to get cold, not below freezing yet—Dorian hadn't seen the snow everyone talked about—but most Ferelden temperatures were too frigid for him. He would have driven, but he didn't own a car, and it meant he'd have to find a sober person to drive him back, because he certainly didn't intend to finish the night with all his faculties.

The lights in the house were visible from down the street, and so was the small group of people standing on the porch. As he got closer, he could see the tiny orange lights of cigarettes blazing. He didn't recognize any of the people on the porch—a few elves, one human guy who was on his phone, and a dwarf with a bottle of hard liquor. He could hear music from inside, but it was either well-muffled, or not very loud at all.

It turned out to be the former.

Dorian was not expecting to open the door to a room so packed with people, he could barely see a gap. His glasses fogged over almost immediately with the thick white smoke in the air, and he glanced over them, only to stare right into the flash of a makeshift lighting system flashing green and blue. The music was loud, but that annoyance paled in comparison to the crowd on every side, he had to turn sideways to slip through into the kitchen. He was not drunk enough for this.

Thankfully, the kitchen had plenty of booze to spare, and Dorian knocked back a few jello shots that were more shot than jello.

Parties in Tevinter weren't like this. He was used to huge mansions, not single-story houses with floors that shook (actually *shook!*) beneath his feet, with full bars instead of a collection of half-empty bottles of cheap liquor and about three brands of beer cans.

Then, of course, there was the fact that Tevene collegiates preferred a handful of little round pills to heavy, foul-smelling smoke.

It was time for Dorian to get drunk enough for this. He took another shot for good measure.

The Bull arrived in the kitchen just around the time the shots kicked in, and he greeted Dorian with a, “hey, partner!” and a clap on the back. He’d been calling him “partner” since they’d been paired up for a group project, and Dorian *knew* the Bull was only doing it to irritate him, because he didn’t call anyone else in the group that.

“Evening,” Dorian said, with a nod to the dark-haired elf at Bull’s side. She just nodded back.

“Can I make you a drink?” Bull asked, and Dorian probably shouldn’t have said yes, because his tolerance, while still remarkable for someone his size, was dwindling a bit ever since he’d moved into a dry dorm without any friends who’d buy him alcohol and a few good months left until he was legal in Ferelden.

So, he said yes.

Bull handed him something dark, rum and coke, he soon realized, and he downed almost all of it before Bull’s blonde, tattooed elf friend (Dalish, her name was Dalish) bounded into the kitchen and implored the lot of them to return to the main room and dance. “Come on, Skinner,” she said, looping an arm comfortably around the other elf’s waist and hauling her bodily toward the bottleneck of an entrance where most people got stuck navigating between the kitchen and the living room. Dorian looked after them just in time to see someone clambering over the couch that had been shoved in front of someone’s bedroom door.

“Are you joining us?” Bull asked.

“I suppose,” Dorian replied, and knocked back the rest of his drink first. Bull took both of their cups and set them on a high shelf, something about wanting to use them again later and saving the environment, Dorian didn’t really listen because he was busy watching the edge of Bull’s black tank top (never mind that it read “I WOKE UP LIKE THIS” in neon green print) ride up over his hips.

“I like your glasses, by the way,” Bull said, smiling at him and (sadly) tugging his shirt back down. Dorian unconsciously touched the corner of

his glasses, pretended he was pushing them up further on his nose.

“Thanks,” he said, but he wasn’t sure Bull heard in the din of the party.

The heat of the main room made Dorian glad he hadn’t worn anything over his T-shirt, and part of him welcomed it. He knew what to do here, how to flirt with drunk girls and guys alike, and, more importantly, how to dance. Even though he couldn’t sing along with most of the songs (Ferelden pop was horrendous, and he refused to follow it on principle), he could keep pace with a beat no matter how drunk he was. Looking as fantastic as he did probably didn’t hurt anything, either.

He ended up running into a girl he knew, a cute redhead named Leliana who spoke with an Orlesian accent and had the look of someone who was too observant for anyone else’s good. Talking was useless in a crowd like this, so they danced instead, and Leliana sang along to the terrible pop song. Five minutes later, a new song came on, and she turned her back to his and ground her ass back against him, giggling over her shoulder at him. “You know how to do this in Tevinter, right?” she asked, nearly shouting over the music.

“Of course!” he said, mock offended that she would even ask.

He did know how to do this, hold her hips, brush her hair back from her neck, wink when her friend presses her between the two of them, enjoy the particular curve of the black tattoo on his cheekbone.

Leliana’s friend bent down to whisper in her ear, pressed a kiss to her cheek as he leant back. The kiss was perfectly innocent; the look in his eyes when he glanced up at Dorian just after was not in the slightest.

“I’m getting a drink,” she announced, “try not to have too much fun without me!” Then, she disappeared off to the kitchen, leaving both of them to be pressed increasingly closer by the crowd.

“I’m Zevran,” said Leliana’s blonde, very attractive friend, as he pulled Dorian in by the hand. They were both sweaty, so he didn’t particularly care that his palms were slick against Zevran’s.

“Dorian,” he introduced himself, letting Zevran turn him around and grind against him. Zevran was nice. Handsy, but nice. He sang along to the music and he had a sweet voice, with a bit of an accent Dorian couldn’t place, and he traced his hands down the center of Dorian’s chest, catching on the V in his shirt. Dorian kind of wished Zevran would be ambitious enough to kiss his neck, but he settled with Zevran’s hands on his hips, thumbs pushing under the hem of his shirt every so often.

Dorian rolled his hips in a rhythm that was a little off, but not enough that it was noticeable. In fact, whatever they were doing must have been incredibly sexy, because they were gaining a small audience. He was long past the point in his life he’d shy away from such things, and he was nothing if not a performer, so he turned his face into Zevran’s neck and reached back to run a hand through his hair and pull him closer. Zevran reached one hand around to squeeze Dorian’s ass before going back to running his hands all over, under Dorian’s shirt this time.

He wondered if Bull was watching them. He’d have to be able to see, he was tall enough to be head and shoulders above the crowd. That thought had him scanning the crowd for a wide pair of horns, and it didn’t take him long to see Bull, over in the opposite corner, and the crowd gapped just enough for Dorian to see a pretty, dark-haired girl dancing with him, almost as sensual as what Dorian and Zevran were doing, but less showy.

Bull could see him, though. Bull could definitely see him.

It was that thought that had him turning around to face Zevran at the end of the song, both of them forgetting the music in lieu of their lips drifting closer, one of Zevran’s hands on his hip, the other feeling up his ass.

Dorian wasn’t jealous. But he hoped Bull was watching as he leaned in and rolled his hips teasingly against Zevran’s, hoped he heard Leliana and one of her friends chanting, “kiss, kiss, kiss!” at them, hoped he didn’t miss the way Dorian looked at him over Zevran’s shoulder before leaning in and pressing his lips to his, hot and messy, more onlookers than just Leliana cheering in the background. Zevran bit his bottom lip and he pressed harder, faster, one hand at the nape of Zevran’s neck, the other on his chest. His eyes fluttered open just enough to see Bull watching them, a look on his

face that Dorian remembered seeing a week ago, while Bull was groping his ass, himself astride Bull's lap, frothing his cock against Bull's.

They pulled apart after the next song had already started, and Zevran leant his forehead against Dorian's. "I could go for a drink," he said, and Dorian followed him to the kitchen.

Leliana and her friend, who was introduced as Josephine, tagged along, even though both of them were already holding drinks. It was minutely quieter there, enough that they didn't have to yell to have a conversation.

"Where are you from?" Josephine asked him, and when he said it was Tevinter, none of them seemed overwhelmingly shocked.

"They're not a huge fan of, um, being queer there, right?" Zevran said, and Dorian was admittedly distracted by his lips around the rim of the bottle he was drinking from.

"Not really," Dorian said, "part of why I left."

"Smart man," Zevran said, winking at him. His lips were still wet, from the drink, of course, not from Dorian's kiss, but it was a nice thought to imagine it could have been. He was certainly a beautiful man. And he kissed well. Not the best Dorian had ever had; he liked his men a little less clean-shaven, but that was beside the point. Zevran was sweet, said he was from Antiva and that he bartended at a place a few miles from campus. "We don't get as much business as the Hanged Man and whatnot, because, well, we're not walking-distance from Ferelden U, but you should certainly come by sometime." He leaned against the counter with one arm around Dorian, like it was normal for him to casually hang off of someone he'd just been kissing.

Zevran moved his hand to Dorian's back, just between his shoulder blades, laughing at something Leliana had said. His hands were small, couldn't span the length of Dorian's back the way Bull's could, couldn't fit over his ass just right, like...

Ugh. *Forget about Bull*, he told himself, he's in the other room, with other people. It didn't stop him from thinking about the way Bull had kissed his cock through his boxers before smiling at him so sweetly and asking if he'd ever done this before.

"Are you alright, Dorian?" Josephine asked.

"Hm? Fine," he said, "just rather drunk."

"Aww, are you a lightweight?" Leliana teased, poking him in the side.

He sighed. "Sadly, my tolerance isn't what it once was," he said, dramatically swooning into Zevran's side. Zevran stumbled a little before catching him, but he was pretty sure the way they ended up with Zevran's hand on his ass was purposeful. They both laughed, and after steadying him, Zevran put his arm around Dorian's waist. His grip was loose, not really possessive, and a strange part of Dorian wished that he would be.

Dorian missed the next few lines of conversation, because Bull walked into the room. He took up basically the entire kitchen, and he greeted Leliana, Josephine, and Zevran like knew all of them. Bull was sweating a little, and he reached between Dorian and Zevran to pour a glass of water.

"How's it going?" Bull asked Dorian, giving him a knowing look. Dorian was certain he would've winked if he had the capability.

"It's going as it does," Dorian said.

Then, he actually did wink, or perhaps, he just blinked very slowly. And purposefully. "Nice."

"And what of the girl you were dancing with?"

"Isabela? Eh, went to make out with her girlfriend," Bull said. Dorian watched his throat work as he tipped his head back and chugged the glass of water.

Girlfriend? He felt a little ridiculous for jealousy (ahem, *not jealousy*) kissing Zevran now. "Ah. Well, I. Hm. Wouldn't have guessed."

Bull shrugged. “Not a lotta people do. Hey, I’m gonna head outside for a few, it’s getting too hot to handle in here.”

“I blame Zevran,” Leliana said, and the two of them started laughing like they had made a brilliant joke.

“I’ll join you,” Dorian said, sipping his drink and trying to seem casual about the whole thing. He did follow Bull a little too closely, telling himself it was primarily because Bull was large enough to leave a significant gap in the crowd in his wake.

Outside, the rush of frigid air was almost pleasant for once in Dorian’s life. He brushed his hair off of his forehead, entirely unsure what it looked like, but it mattered little; the porch was too dark for anyone to even see his hair. There were still a few people smoking on the porch, sitting on the staircase, the scent of cigarettes trailing back to where he and Bull stood. Dorian took a seat on one of the mismatched, rickety chairs lining the railing—Bull didn’t risk it.

“You alright?” Bull asked. “You’re looking pretty smashed.”

“I’m barely past tipsy,” Dorian said, punctuating it with another swallow of his drink.

Bull laughed. “Getting shitfaced tonight?”

“Maker, I hope so.”

“Do you have a DD?” Bull asked, suddenly looking serious.

“I’m walking home,” Dorian said.

Bull paused to let a group of girls walk out the door, shepherded by their one sober friend. He leaned against the wall and crossed his arms, looking otherwise unaffected by the sudden cold. Dorian had a strange urge to cuddle up to his chest. Only because he was warm. Not because he knew exactly how firm and cozy the Bull’s chest was. No, sir. He took another long drink.

“Walking home drunk still isn’t the greatest idea, big guy.”

Dorian stared into his drink to avoid Bull’s eyes. The last time Bull had called him that, he’d been coming inside of him, and while Dorian refused to put it on the mental list of best orgasms he’d ever had, it was enough to get him blushing. “I’ll be fine,” he said.

“I can walk you back, if you want me to,” Bull said. “You just gotta let me know.”

“I... perhaps that would be wise.”

“Or are you planning on going home with Zev?”

“Why do you need to know that?” Dorian groaned, exasperated both with Bull’s question and with the fact that his drink was nearly gone. He finished off the rest of it.

“Just curious,” Bull replied, with a grin that was on the side of salacious.

Dorian rolled his eyes. “What I do or don’t do with men is none of your concern.”

“Yeah, I know,” Bull said. “Glad you came, by the way, I knew you’d be the life of the party.”

“Naturally,” Dorian said, and stood. “Now, I think I should head inside before I freeze my ass off. Wouldn’t want to deprive the world of that.”

“Oh, of course not,” Bull said, rubbing his chin with one thumb and smiling at him. Dorian wanted to kiss him a little.

He paused for probably too long, didn’t make a move toward the door. “What’s going on in that pretty head of yours?” Bull asked.

“Ah, well.” *I was thinking of kissing you*, drunk Dorian wanted to say. “Clearly, I was distracted by your biceps,” he did say.

“Krem and I have been working out,” Bull said, flexing a little for him. “Like what you see?”

Of course he did. “Eh,” he said instead, “you’re alright.”

“I’m fucking glorious and you know it,” Bull joked. The pair of smokers walked past them to go back inside, and they were left alone on the porch.

Dorian took a step closer to him. “Bull? Do you recall what you said about things not being weird?”

“Yeah,” Bull said.

“Well. I’m afraid it’s becoming weird,” Dorian admitted, “because I find myself, uh, undeniably attracted to you.”

Bull rested a hand on Dorian’s shoulder, high enough that it was close to his neck. “Last time wasn’t enough for you, huh?” he asked, with that low voice that sent a course of heat through Dorian’s body.

“Certainly not,” Dorian said, feeling his voice go a little breathy. He covered Bull’s hand with his.

“Want to go back in and dance?” Bull asked.

“I’d rather just kiss you,” Dorian said.

Bull pulled him in and kissed him, chastely, like a shy teenager’s first kiss, not like the hot, searing press of lips Bull had given him last time. It had been over a week, Dorian didn’t have the *time* for chaste.

“Dorian,” Bull said, and Dorian looked up at him, ready to stand on his tiptoes and take another kiss for himself. “How drunk are you?”

“I told you. Drunk enough to have misplaced my inhibitions, but not enough to regret it in the morning,” Dorian said, “now kiss me.”

Bull grinned, and leaned in, catching Dorian’s lower lip between his teeth, one hand firmly on the back of his neck as he kissed him hard, like the first

time all over again. Dorian was about to haul himself closer and grind against Bull's thigh when the door opened and the sound of the party overwhelmed them.

They parted only a little, Bull still holding Dorian's shoulder, both glancing at the sudden burst of light and sound.

An *extremely* inebriated pair of girls wobbled out of the door, and didn't seem to notice the enormous Qunari making out with a 'Vint on the porch. Dorian would've gotten right back to it, had one of the girls not pitched over and vomited on the front walk. Instead, he wrinkled his nose.

"Ugh. Can we, perhaps, leave? Immediately?" he suggested.

"Yeah, just give me a second, I wanna make sure she's okay," Bull said. He walked down the front stairs and knelt beside the pair of girls, quietly asking if they were alright, how much they'd had to drink, if they needed him to call anyone for them. Dorian, meanwhile, leant against the railing and marveled at the fact that not only was he going to fuck this man twice in as many weeks, he was doing it because he *liked* him. Bull was sweet. Dorian had never had sweet before.

After a few moments, Bull stood and jogged back up the steps to Dorian. "She called her friend to come pick them up," he said. "I'm gonna go get my coat, and then we can go. I can grab yours, too, if you tell me what it looks like."

"I didn't wear one," Dorian said.

"Shit, man! Seriously?"

He shrugged. "Didn't want to deal with making sure no one stole it."

"Alright, wanna wait inside for me? Don't want you freezing your pretty ass off," Bull said.

"I'll be fine for two more minutes," Dorian said. In all honesty, he didn't want to have to wipe condensation off his glasses again.

“Suit yourself,” Bull said.

The girls’ friend drove past and picked them up before Bull got back out of the house, so Dorian presumed it had been *much* longer than two minutes, even though he hadn’t been checking. He supposed he should have said something to Zevran about going home with Bull, although making out with one man at a party was in no way a guarantee that he was going home with him. Instead of venturing back in and attempting to find one elf-shaped needle in a haystack of drunk college students, he texted Leliana and told her to convey his apologies.

Bull returned with a jacket slung over one arm, and instead of putting it on, he offered it to Dorian.

“I see I’m dealing with a gentleman, here,” Dorian said, raising one perfect eyebrow at him.

“I’m better at retaining body heat than you are,” Bull replied.

Dorian took the jacket, not because he enjoyed the chivalry, but because he was fucking freezing. It hung nearly to his knees, and the sleeves covered his fingertips, but if he shoved his hands in the pockets, it wasn’t nearly so obvious. He swayed a little, unconsciously, as he walked down the stairs, and Bull put an arm around him to steady him.

“You sure you’re only a little drunk?” Bull asked him.

“I’m uncoordinated even when sober, Bull.”

“Hey,” Bull said, leaning over so that his lips brushed Dorian’s ear, “your place or mine?”

“Unless you want my extremely straight, extremely Andrastian roommate present, I’d suggest yours,” Dorian replied. He was pretty certain Cullen wouldn’t be able to handle Bull in the first place, much less Bull with his tongue down Dorian’s throat.

“Sure,” Bull said. “I’ll tell Krem not to come knocking.”

He nudged Dorian in the direction of his house with a hand at the small of his back, and Dorian felt a shiver all through him that wasn't just the cold. Every touch built up the anticipation, stacked it all into a teetering tower that made Dorian want to come crashing down—luckily, the Bull's bed was a soft landing.

When they reached the cul-de-sac that Bull lived on, Dorian went to the door with less hesitation than last time, hand reaching the knob before Bull's could, ready to go inside and—oh. Locked.

Bull pulled his keys out of his pocket, one hand on Dorian's hip to keep him from ducking out of the way while he unlocked the door. He pressed his front to Dorian's back instead, and Dorian was sure that if he wasn't wearing so many layers of clothes and Bull's hoodie on top of everything, he'd be able to feel the shape of Bull's dick against his ass.

As soon as the door opened, they stumbled inside and Dorian threaded his fingers through the laces of his boots, yanking until they pulled open enough for him to kick them off. Bull slipped his feet out of his sneakers easily, hung his keys on one of a long row of hooks at the front door. He was smiling at Dorian like he was watching a particularly funny cat video online. "What?" Dorian said.

"Nothing. You're just so damn eager," Bull replied, stepping across the foyer so he could plant another kiss on Dorian's lips and grab his ass, backing him up against an overstuffed chair that had seen better days, but would probably be able to handle it if Bull just tipped him over the back of it and fucked him right here.

That would be a little athletic for past-tipsy Dorian, though, so he contended himself to Bull's lips on his and his thigh between Dorian's legs, not enough room to let him rub himself against Bull, but enough pressure to feel wonderful.

Dorian moaned against the Bull's lips, and was just about to reach for Bull's cock when he heard someone speak.

“Fuck’s sake, Bull, can’t you do this in, y’know, your room?” One of Bull’s housemates was standing in the kitchen with a clear view of Bull groping Dorian’s ass and both of them sucking face, and Dorian internally panicked for a moment, going completely tense in Bull’s arms. Bull’s housemate seemed nonplussed, though, just scraped one hand through his short hair and rolled his eyes. “At least warn someone if you plan on desecrating the communal furniture.”

Bull chuckled. “Sorry, Krem,” he said, backing away from Dorian. He took one of Dorian’s hands in his, and wasn’t that a novel thing, to see one’s own hand look so incredibly small in the grip of another’s. Dorian followed him to his room, hiding giggles that were probably more booze-induced than anything. “And that wasn’t even *close* to desecrating the furniture!” Bull called, just before shutting the door behind them.

If there was a moment before Dorian was crowded back against the door, he didn’t notice. The way Bull lifted him and pressed him against it seemed immediate, as did Bull’s lips on his again, and Dorian was pretty sure that if he hadn’t been so thoroughly kissed, he would have screamed just a little as soon as Bull thrust up against him. He was lifted completely off his feet, could do nothing but hook one ankle over the other and hold on.

Except that the holding on was completely unnecessary, because Bull had the dimension and the muscle to hold Dorian up with no assistance, and Dorian would have laughed at the ridiculousness of being literally swept off his feet, except that he was busy sucking a mark just below Bull’s jaw.

“Dorian,” Bull sighed, rocking his hips hard into Dorian’s, too many layers of denim between them for much sensation, but the pressure was enough to send a shiver coursing up Dorian’s spine.

“Mm, Bull, as much as I’d love for you to fuck me through the door, do you think—“ when Bull rubbed against him again, he cut himself off for a moment with a moan that was only partially stifled by his face against Bull’s neck, “—*ah, Maker!* Take my clothes off, would you?”

Bull stepped away from the door, one hand behind Dorian’s back to keep him from falling out of his grasp. “Sure,” he said, turning them, kissing

Dorian while he did it and getting mostly mustache. He tipped Dorian back onto the bed. “What do you want tonight, big guy?” he asked, hands gentle on Dorian’s thighs, parting them just enough for him to kneel between.

Dorian stripped his shirt off because Bull wasn’t doing it fast enough. He was about to unbutton his jeans, but Bull caught his hands before he could, pressed them up above his head, and even if Dorian strained against him, he wouldn’t be able to move. That shouldn’t have made him swallow so hard, shouldn’t have made the small of his back tense the way it did. He wasn’t even going to *think* about the effect that Bull holding him still, forcing him not to move, did to his dick.

“Not yet,” Bull said, “you’re going to tell me what you want, first.”

“Sex, ideally.”

Bull laughed, and released Dorian’s wrists, stroking his thumbs gently along the undersides of them, all the way to his elbows. “Yeah, I know. I just wanna know how to make you feel good,” he said.

Everything you do makes me feel good, Dorian thought. He also thought about Bull pressing him down again, about how it would feel if Bull held him that way while fucking him, felt a little dirty for even thinking of it. He’d never done something like that before, and sure, he’d watched porn, but he didn’t think that being, well, *dominated* was something people actually *did*.

“I... could you...” he began, looking for some way to say it that didn’t sound absolutely ridiculous. “I’d like it if you took over, for a bit.”

“You want me to be on top?”

“Yes,” he said, eyes not meeting Bull’s, looking at a spot on his shoulder instead.

“What do you like?” Bull asked, hands stroking down Dorian’s sides firmly, like he was giving him a massage. “Do you get off on someone pushing you around a little, telling you what to do, that kind of thing?”

He was too horny for this conversation. He laid a definitely *not* shaky hand on Bull's forearm. "I think I'd like that."

"Yeah, I thought you would," Bull said, "saw how you reacted to me holding you down earlier. Do you like to be tied up?"

"Maybe?" he said, voice gone to a whisper.

"Maybe?" Bull echoed, louder.

"It's not as if I do this regularly," Dorian snapped, fingertips digging into Bull's arm where his hand still rested.

"Mm. Okay, then," Bull said, "I'll do whatever you want, on one condition, you gotta give me a safeword."

"A what?"

"A safeword, it's—"

"I know what it *is*," Dorian said. "I just. Why the hell would we need one? I can't just say 'stop'?"

"Not if you really want me to push you past your limits," Bull said, his hand warm on the center of Dorian's chest, thumb at the dip of his collarbone. "We don't have to do anything that intense, though. You don't want to, we can just do something like before. That was fun."

Dorian frowned. "If you think I'm not entirely certain about wanting you to subjugate me in only the sexiest way, you'd be wrong."

Bull chuckled. "It's sexy to see you so confident, Dorian."

"Magister. That's the safeword. Is that suitable?"

"Sure thing," Bull said, the grin on his face making Dorian's blood heat up all over again. He sat up, and Bull closed the gap between them, kissing Dorian first on the lips, then down his neck. "You liked those marks I left

on you last time,” Bull said, and it wasn’t a question. “Sad that they’re all gone now. Better leave some more.”

All the breath rushed out of Dorian at once as soon as Bull bit down on his shoulder, and he readjusted himself to straddle one of Bull’s thighs, rocking against him, unhindered except for the stupid pants he was *still wearing* for a few, glorious seconds. Then, Bull grabbed Dorian’s hips in his hands and held him still, the loss of pressure on his cock making him groan in frustration and grab Bull by the shoulders. “I’d like to get off sometime this Age,” he said, and felt Bull laugh against his neck.

“Eager,” Bull said, lips still flush against Dorian’s skin. “I should tie you up for that.”

“You really should,” Dorian replied, hips still straining against Bull’s grip.

Bull reached under the bed with one arm, the other still around Dorian’s waist, keeping him solidly pinned to the bed so he couldn’t get off. He yanked out a rolled length of rope and undid the knot holding it into a neat coil. “I’m going to tie your wrists so I can put them above your head,” he said, “tell me if it’s too tight.”

It looked like a lot of rope for a single restraint, but Bull looped it around Dorian’s wrists multiple times, then threaded the length between them, tying off the whole thing with a single knot. It was dark enough that Dorian wouldn’t have been able to see the color of the rope, were his eyes open, but he’d squeezed them closed at the first touch of the rope on his wrists.

“How’s that, big guy?” Bull asked, hands gentle on the place just near the restraint.

“It’s good,” Dorian said. He tested the strength of the knot, and it held. The rope was soft, kind of felt like the type used for rock-climbing, but Dorian wouldn’t actually know.

“You’ve still got your eyes closed,” Bull said, and Dorian blinked them open to see Bull smiling down at him. “Everything okay?”

“Mm-hm,” he said, “there’s just a lot of... sensation.”

Bull nodded. “Do you want me to blindfold you?”

Dorian had to pause to catch his breath before saying, “yes,” in a way that meant *please*. His last drink had been long enough ago that he was barely tipsy anymore, but he could always blame the way his pulse raced at the thought of being blindfolded and restrained on the booze in the morning.

“Okay, give me a minute,” Bull said, giving him a reassuring pat on the knee before crossing the room to his dresser. When he returned, he was holding a long scarf that he folded into a strip just wide enough to cover Dorian’s eyes. “Sit up for me?”

Dorian obeyed, and Bull sat behind him, resting the blindfold just over Dorian’s eyes. “Can you see?” he asked.

“No.”

“Alright, I’ll tie it,” Bull said, fingers pushing Dorian’s hair out of the way so the longer strands didn’t get caught in the knot. “That good?” he asked, and Dorian nodded. He could have gotten out of it if he really tried, but he didn’t want to try.

Bull urged him to lay back, then got off the bed and for a moment, Dorian internally panicked—Bull’s hands weren’t on him, and he couldn’t see or feel where he was. As soon as he felt the bed tip near his legs, he felt himself relax, the breath rushing out of him when Bull’s hands slid up the length of his calves. “You need me touching you, huh?”

“I deserve to be touched,” Dorian said. How had Bull even noticed him panicking? He’d rather not know the answer.

“Fuck yeah, you do.” Bull kissed the center of his chest, slid his palms up to feel up his ass. “Can I take these off?”

“If you don’t, I will *set you on fire*,” Dorian said.

Bull chuckled, and his fingers popped open the button on Dorian's jeans. He hooked his fingers around Dorian's jeans and boxers, and pulled them both down at once, readjusting them so Dorian's legs were spread around his. Dorian was surprised to feel skin against his calves; Bull must have undressed when he left the bed.

Dorian felt Bull's hands on the back of his thighs, stroking gently, reaching higher until his thumbs met the sharpest points of Dorian's hips. He could feel Bull's breath on his chest before Bull kissed him there, let his breath out slowly when Bull sucked on his nipple. The mattress shifted as Bull inched up the bed, positioning himself so he could slide his cock against Dorian's, the motion making Dorian yelp and his toes curl.

"Good?" Bull asked.

"Yes, *fuck*," Dorian moaned, and when he tipped his head back, Bull kissed up his throat. He didn't touch Dorian except for a hand on his shoulder for a moment, and when he returned, settling himself over Dorian's body, Dorian heard a sharp pop, a bottle opening. Bull must have been going to get lube.

Bull's hand was warm and slick around both of them and Dorian buried his face in the crook of his elbow, overwhelmed by the feeling of Bull's hand on him and Bull's cock sliding against his. He moaned, mumbled a long string of curses, and Bull scooped up his bound hands in one of his and shoved them above his head so he could no longer hide his face or muffle his moans.

"You look so fuckin' hot like this, Dorian," Bull said, stroking Dorian's lower lip with his thumb before kissing him there, his free hand traveling down Dorian's body to squeeze his ass.

"Maker, just fuck me, *ah!*" Dorian tried to keep himself from shouting loud enough for the entire house to hear him, but he wasn't sure whether he succeeded.

"Oh shit, yeah, I will," Bull said, and Dorian heard the cap to the lube open again. He whined a little at the loss of pressure on his cock, strained against

the ties on his wrists when he felt Bull's fingers pressing at the space behind his balls and further up, his free hand a heavy weight on Dorian's hip.

Dorian supposed he shouldn't have been very surprised at how big Bull's middle finger was, but his body felt even more comparatively massive when he was pressing into Dorian, slow and gentle, practiced. Words had left Dorian; he was reduced to heavy breaths and gasps. Bull wrapped an arm around Dorian's legs and shifted them up so his ankles rested on Bull's shoulder. "Cross one over the other," Bull said, and Dorian knew what he was asking for, found the will to actually carry it out somewhere.

It was all just on the side of being too much. Bull's finger was still pressed into him, and he added a second one, both of them curling to stroke *just* the right spot. At the same time, Bull's cock thrust between his thighs, long enough that the head nudged the underside of Dorian's cock. He moaned and tipped his head back, feeling the blindfold shift a little. Bull reached up to adjust it for him, and Dorian twisted his fingers in the sheets, holding on tight while Bull fucked him.

Bull curled his fingers again, matching the timing to his thrusts, and Dorian was so far gone, it was almost impossible to determine the moment he went from intense pleasure to orgasm.

"Breathe, Dorian," Bull said.

Had he not been?

He let out a long exhale, and it was too shaky.

"Untie me?"

Was that really what his voice sounded like right now? He hadn't sounded that wrecked since the time he got particularly enthusiastic about a blowjob. Apparently, yelling all his conversations at a party and then getting the voice fucked out of him was enough to make him sound completely *gone*.

"Yeah, I got you," Bull said, picking open the knot with one hand, and Dorian stretched out the tightness in his arms, hooked a thumb under the

blindfold to pull it off.

“I wanted to touch you,” Dorian said, giving Bull what he hoped was a seductive look. It was probably more on the side of fucked-out, but Bull grinned at him anyway. That grin faded into a resonant moan when Dorian rubbed the head of Bull’s cock where he could see it between his thighs.

He was glad he’d taken the blindfold off, because he thoroughly enjoyed watching Bull’s face as he dropped his ankles off Bull’s shoulder and curled his fingers around his cock, hand sliding easily over Bull’s still-slick skin. Bull leaned heavily on his forearms, and Dorian appreciated that he was trying not to crush him. He pressed his forehead to Bull’s, watching the shift from concentration to pleasure as Bull tipped over the edge.

Bull smiled, and tipped his chin up to kiss Dorian’s lips. “Dude. That was amazing.”

Dorian sighed. “Stop calling me ‘dude,’ Bull.”

“That was a ‘dude’ sans antecedent,” Bull said, and Dorian burst into quiet, uncontrollable giggles. “What? What are you laughing at, you dork?”

“You’re giving me a grammar lesson in bed,” Dorian said, leaning up to kiss Bull again. Bull’s hand rubbed his back in slow circles and he kissed back, steady and sweet.

“Let me get you cleaned up,” Bull said, and he disappeared for a moment into the bathroom attached to his room. Dorian definitely did *not* stare at his ass, and he didn’t stare at his cock either when he walked back in, holding a damp washcloth. Dorian appreciated the gesture, after all, no one liked being covered in come and lube, but it was a lot less sweet when Bull slung the washcloth back in the general direction of the bathroom and it landed with a wet *plop*.

Bull laid on top of Dorian, careful not to crush him, with his chin on Dorian’s chest. “Glad you came to the party, big guy,” he said, his stubble scraping jus a little as he readjusted himself to kiss Dorian’s sternum.

“Would you...” Dorian began, fingers brushing along the point of one of Bull’s horns. “I mean. Do you mind if I...? I find myself unable to bring myself to move.”

“You can stay, if you want. Bed’s big enough for two,” Bull said. “And I make great scrambled eggs.”

“You make an enticing offer,” Dorian said. Bull kissed him again, just to the left of where he just had. His lips were so warm, and his weight on Dorian’s lower body was so comforting, he felt as though he’d be able to fall asleep just like that.

He made good on that feeling a few minutes later.

The next morning, Dorian awoke to near-tuneless whistling from the kitchen. He was wrapped in Bull’s comforter, in a bed that still smelled like sex. He found his boxers and his T-shirt from the night before and pulled them on, not bothering with the jeans before walking into the kitchen. Bull was standing at the stove, and his whistling cut off when he glanced at Dorian.

“Morning, sleepyhead,” he said.

“Is it really?”

“Nah. It’s almost noon. You doing okay? Not hungover?”

“Of course not,” Dorian replied, accepting the mug of coffee Bull handed him. “It’d take much more than that to lay me low.”

“I’m sure it would,” Bull said.

Dorian sighed. “Looks like I’m going to be taking the walk of shame here soon,” he said.

“I can drive you.”

“It’s fine, at least it’s warmer today.” Dorian wasn’t sure when he’d begun categorizing just above freezing as “warmer,” but he hoped he would never

make such a heinous mistake again.

“Hey, Dorian? You wanna get dinner sometime this week?”

“Are you asking me on a date?” Dorian asked, arching an eyebrow.

“Yeah, sure. Date would be nice,” Bull said.

Dorian set down his nearly-empty coffee mug. “Keep dreaming,” he said, patting Bull on the shoulder. His hand remained there too long for his words to be anything more than a joke. “I’ll see you at dinner.”

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @weezna or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula for more of me having emotions about fictional humans.